

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

THE CHRONICLE.

D. A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 40.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

LETHBRIDGE COAL
TABER COAL
BANKHEAD COAL

At
JAS. A. SUTHERLAND.

THE TOGGERY.

SEE DAVE

Gloves.

All Kinds, From Canvas at 2 pairs for 25c to Buckskin at \$2.50

Suits to Order, From \$16 up to \$30

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

Three more cars of Lumber Arrived This Week.

Who Says I cannot sell Lumber at a

GREAT REDUCTION

In price again. Here It Goes. For another week commencing Monday, September 28th to October 3rd. Everybody is invited to this week's sale. First Class Stock and plenty of it. Come and see for yourself.

6 in. Shiplap, \$20 per 1000

2 x 4, 2 x 6 and 2 x 8, \$21 per 1000

No. 2 Boards, Hemlock or Cedar \$16 per 1000

The above prices are strictly cash when taken away

Crossfield Lumber Yard

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware

HARDWARE

We now have a full and complete line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Stoves, Washing Machines and Wringers

CLOTHING

Our FIT-RITE CLOTHING

Is now on our shelves. All of the Latest Cuts and newest patterns

GROCERIES

We are now offering—

New evaporated Apricots at 3.75 per case
New evaporated Peaches at 3.75 per case

FRESH FRUITS

Peaches at \$1.15 per case
Plums at \$1.15 per case
Prunes at \$1.15 per case

Unsurpassed For Yield.

Our Record: 66½ Bushels to Acre.

P. A. McAnally Declares His Thresher's Figures before J. P.

The following Declaration was made before Magistrate Davie on Tuesday:—

"I, P. A. McAnally, of the Village of Crossfield, in the Province of Alberta, Farmer,

Declare and say as follows:

"That during the year 1908, I, P. A. McAnally aforesaid Threshed 396 1-16 bushels of Alberta Red Fall Wheat on Nine (9) acres of ground, which same Wheat graded No. One (1); average per acre 66½ bushels.

DECLARED Before Me at the Village of Crossfield, in the Province of Alberta, this 22nd day of September, A. D. 1908.

Jno. S. Davie

A Justice of Peace in and for the Province of Alberta.

P. A. McAnally.

Comment on the above is unnecessary. We will add however that Mr. McAnally is not the most experienced or cleverest farmer in Alberta, but he is a worker and industry brings its own reward. Mr. McAnally had 27 acres in crop and after keeping back seed for next year he sold the balance of his crop for a sum which averaged up \$30.30 for each acre under crop. Good land can be got from \$10 an acre and one crop like this would pay for the land three times over.

NEW SETTLERS

Another contingent of new settlers arrived in Crossfield on Tuesday. This time they came from Artois, N. D. and were accompanied here by Mr. Kern, of the Calgary Colonization Co. They purchased land out near the Colonization Co.'s farm recently and have now arrived to commence life on their new possessions.

There were thirty-six people in this party and they had with them twelve carloads of settlers effects. We particularly noticed that they were well supplied with horses.

A hearty welcome is given them to this district.

Conservatives To Hold Meeting Next Week.

The Conservatives have arranged to hold a meeting next Tuesday evening at 8 p. m. in the Band Hall Crossfield.

M. S. McCarthy, M. P. and other speakers are announced to take part and a large attendance is looked for in view of the close approach of the

polling day.

Unfortunately the hall is a small one, but is the largest that can be procured.

It will be advisable to be along to the meeting early, as it is expected that there will be a big turn out and to get a seat, after the advertised time, will probably be impossible.

15th LIGHT HORSE.

Col. Walker has just received official permission for the organization of a troop of the 15th Light Horse in Crossfield.

Some time ago a service roll was sent here and signed by a good number of suitable men who wished to join such a Corps. Now that it has been definitely decided to form the Corps, another service roll has been sent and it is desired to get the signatures of those who signed the original roll and any others who would like to join. At least twenty names are wanted and more than that may be taken. A meeting will be held shortly in connection with this but in the meantime signatures will be taken by R. L. Boyle who will supply any other information required.

BANK'S CROP REPORT.

Harvesting is practically over. Wheat shows frost slightly but is averaging from 30 to 40 bushels to the acre and is weighing 62 to 65 lbs. to the bushel. Oats also show frost and some fields were cut too soon causing grain to weight light. Oats have been averaging from 30 to 60 bushels to the acre and are weighing from 40 to 44 lbs. to the bushel. One field of wheat, two miles east of Crossfield threshed 64 bushels to the acre. Nine cars of wheat, totaling 9,750 bushels, were shipped last week. These cars graded No. 2 and No. 3.

AIRDRIE.

"Watch Airdrie Grow!"
Sunny Alberta!

Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Neil Stewart, of Airdrie, was in Calgary on Tuesday.

Church of England service will be held in the school-house, Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11 a. m.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Watch Crossfield Grow.
Have you subscribed yet?

Becker has a Lumber Sale on.

Crossfield in the Land of Sunshine.

R. L. Boyle spent Tuesday in Calgary.

I can make clothes to fit P. J. Nolan.

Fitzgerald or Col. Matheson.—Dave.

The sitting of the District Court in Crossfield has been postponed until Nov. 9th.

J. S. Davie has just received the appointment of issuer of marriage licenses.

Mr. Becker got in three more cars of lumber this week. See his advertisement for cheap prices.

Methodist Church Service will be held by Mr. Johnston in Sunshine Schoolhouse next Sunday afternoon at 1:30 p. m.

Miss Hazel Brown, who was formerly a Crossfield resident is renewing acquaintances at the guest of Mrs. Clyde Brown.

Everybody is buying town lots now-a-days. We have a few good residence lots left at \$50 to \$75 and \$100 only ½ cash required. See us at once.

Hultgren & Davie.
Real Estate Agents.

J. A. Martin and Son have purchased W. Brandon's farm. There is a fine eight roomed house on the quarter and it is a snug place. Mr. and Mrs. Martin recently came from Kenora and will settle here now.

Mrs. Parker and family arrived this week from Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia. Mr. Parker, our enterprising liveryman, is delighted to have his family with him again and the towns people will, we feel sure, join with us in welcoming them to our midst.

Messrs Brotherton & Smith the photographers, left town on Saturday for Macleod. They wish it to be known that any work which was not called for before they left can be got from Messrs Ontkes & Armstrong. Any orders for additional photos can also be left with above firm.

H. J. Adams, Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Alberta, I. O. O. F. spent Friday and Saturday in Crossfield. He secured a number of applications for membership in a Court to be formed here and it is expected that an initiation will take place on November 4th. Mr. Adams states that the I. O. O. F. have now about 3000 members and 40 subordinate lodges in the Province of Alberta.

Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

**INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.**

**TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.**

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon

The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

**ALBERTA
HOTEL,**

**Good
Accommodation**

REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE

- COAL -

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

Parker

The Livery Barn



Bring along your Watch
and Jewelry Repairs

We guarantee all our work
or refund the money

GIVE US A TRIAL.

McKee & Co.

**Palace
Meat
Market**

Dealers in

**All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats.**

**Highest Cash Price Paid
For Dressed Pork, Poultry
and Hides.**

PALACE MEAT MARKET
G. F. Mitchell, Prop.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908

LOCAL.

Have you subscribed yet?

Threshing is general now.

61½ bushels of wheat to the acre!

Dr. Large has resumed his weekly visits to Crossfield.

Miss May McMillan of the Chronicle staff, is visiting in Xanton this week.

Some of the farmers around here have reason to be satisfied with their crops.

A meeting will be held on Monday for the purpose of organizing a skating club.

I can make clothes to fit P. J. Nolan, T. Fitzgerald or Col. Mathieson.—Dave.

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

The office belonging to P. C. Cowling is to be let. Apply to H. C. Morrow or W. Branton.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 4.30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3.30 p. m.

Buy a De Laval cream separator from Edward & Brown, and join the procession of prosperous farmers.

A. W. Smith, representing the Standard Life Assurance Co., was in Crossfield this week. Chas. McKay represents this company locally.

Mr. Götts sends us a lengthy letter, from Mr. E. B. Partridge, of the Grain Growers Association on the subject of "Hail Insurance". This will appear in our next issue.

All persons interested in skating, who are desirous of having a skating rink in Crossfield, kindly attend a meeting to be held for that purpose, on Monday Evening, at 8 p. m., sharp, in the Band Hall.

Mrs. George Becker and two youngest children left on Tuesday for Stratford, Ont., on a two months visit. Mr. Becker has not been home to see her parents for seven years. Mr. Becker accompanied her as far as Calgary.

Dr. and Mrs. Wigle, of Kingsville, Ont., who have been visiting at the home of Rev. J. H. Johnston, their son-in-law, for the past month returned East on Thursday. While here the doctor has travelled 500 miles in a buggy over the prairie and has shot 200 quail, several quail and a hawk which measured 22 inches from tip to tip. He has had a splendid time during his stay here.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Sunny Alberta!

Mr. Richardson, paid a visit to Calgary, on Monday.

J. Hallman and sons have commenced threshing.

J. Brennan, who had his leg broken recently, is able to be around again.

Mr. Mulrook, of Calgary, was a visitor to Airdrie on Tuesday.

A. Swenson has threshed about 4,000 bushels of grain, and has about another 1,000 left to do.

A. Heber, of Elm Dale, Mich., who was married to Mrs. Young, from St. Thomas, Ont., by the Rev. Mr. Guggins, on the 10th inst, at Didsbury, has been spending part of their honeymoon in Airdrie at the guest of J. Hallman, J. P. The bridegroom is in his 72nd year and the bride is 60 years of age.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel—	\$0.60
Wheat, No. 1, red, bush—	75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per bush—	73 c.
Wheat, No. 3, " " " "	69 c.
Wheat, No. 4, " " " "	58 c.
Wheat, No. 5, " " " "	50 c.
Flax " " " "	90 c.
Oats " " " "	30 c.
Barley " " " "	30 c.
Eggs " " " "	25 c.
Butter " " " "	18 c.
Hops, live weight	\$4.75
Cattle, live weight	15 c. to 15-4
Cows, live weight	12 to 3
Mutton " " " "	50 c.

SAMPSONTON

The Misses Bernice and May Wahl were visiting Mr. Jack Adams during the last week.

Mr. McDaniels, of Castairs, was in the district buying beef cattle on Monday.

Wm. Rode, who lives on the big conlee was lately married to Miss Elsie Wyatt. They are staying with Charlie Anderson at present.

Mr. Fred Ingham has rented his place to Messrs Wolcott & Phillips and is going to the Okanagan Valley.

Miss Jessie Stokes, of Calgary, is a visitor at Richard Walsh's.

Mr. and Mrs. Gamble from the C.P.R. conlee were in town Monday to see the Dentist.

Cranberries are reported very plentiful in the brush this fall, and several parties have been out berrying, returning with great quantities of the fruit.

Mr. Chas. Bremner, of Stettler, is helping his brother to stack his grain, and the two brave Scots are making things hum across the conlee.

The famous "Buckskin Bill" was in this neighbourhood buying horses last week. He thinks the Beaverdam folk and their district is hard to beat.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bliss accompanied by Dan Schaefer went out to the bush on Monday where they intend camping out for a week or two's holiday of fishing and shooting.

Mrs. Atwell, of Barnard, Kansas, is visiting her niece Mrs. Geo. Stone. She says that this country "takes her breath away". What the matter with Beaverdam.

No Mourning Stamps.

Stamp collectors appear to be a very serious race of mortals, and quite impervious to even the light vein of humor indulged in by Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster General in Great Britain. On March 12th last, he stated to the Junior Philatelic Society that "objection had been taken by some people to mourning envelopes. It had been suggested that he as Postmaster-General, should produce a stamp with a black border. He was rather inclined to make a small issue of such a stamp, and he hoped that philatelists would buy them up at high prices."

For five months philatelists throughout the world have been eagerly awaiting the advent of "the mourning stamps." Scarcely a day has passed without the inquiry as to the probable date of issue, and invariably some evasive answer has been given.

Mr. Sydney Buxton was reluctant to make a confession; he did not like to "dash the hopes of the collector and to say it was only his little joke. But an official admission to this effect was made yesterday. The publication of the "mourning stamps" was never meant seriously.

This disappointing news was conveyed to a well-known member of the Philatelic Society.

"We never suspected it was only a joke," he said. "We have been awaiting the 'mourning stamp' with some excitement, for in time it would probably have proved as great a rarity as the blue Mauritius for which the Prince of Wales paid £1400, or the West Australians, which, because a swan was printed upside down, are now worth £400 each."—Daily Mail.

BORN.

Hallman.—At Airdrie on September 20th to Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Hallman, — a daughter.

Positive Proof.

Patron—How can you tell whether a couple are married or not? Hotel Keeper—If he orders two whole portions, they are not; if he orders one portion for two, they are—Judge.

Har Sweet Answer.

Tom—And when you proposed she gave you a sweet answer, Dick?—She did, indeed, Tom.—Ah, she said "Yes!" Dick—No, she said "Fudge."

One should not sell his principles for kindness or for compliments any sooner than he would sell them for cash.—Dallas News.

\$500 REWARD.

LOST.—Hay mare, two years old, branded as C on right shoulder supposed to be lost at Crossfield. Five dollars reward for information of name.—J. COOMBE, Airdrie.

Do You Want a Gang Plow?

There are special points about the Cockshutt Jewel Gang that place it ahead of all other similar high lift gangs. It is furnished with steel wheels, having extra long axle and extra long wheel bushing. This insures the wheel practically will not wear out. The steel bottoms are as hard as glass and will clean in any soil.

We have a few Disk Harrows left which we offer below cost to make room for new goods.

We Buy Nothing But High Grade Machinery

Edwards & Brown

CROSSFIELD

SPOILED THE SCENE.

When Kimball Pointed the Way to His Own Future Career.

As a delineator of the traditional Yankee character Mathias Currier Kimball, more widely known as Yankee Gilman, long stood without a rival. A way back in the early forties, when he was a mere lad, a little incident with Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, started him in his career. Kimball was only seventeen years old at the time and was at work as an usher in the Lowell museum. Booth, who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, was billed there for three nights. The play was "Richard III." Kimball had thoroughly studied the play and was considered a young man of promising dramatic ability. On the opening night the actor who took the part of Lord Norfolk failed to show up. Booth was in despair. At last some one suggested that young Kimball knew the lines of that part, and he was cast in by Booth.

Of the event Kimball himself said: "When I went on the stage, I was badly miffed. Booth was imperious and stern, which only complicated matters. However, I got along all right until we came to the battle of Bosworth Field. In my hurry I had taken the wrong place on the stage, when Booth bled out in a whisper, 'Get into your place.' Then whispering to me, 'These words in thrilling tones: 'What thinkest thou now, noble Norfolk?' 'That we shall conquer, my lord,' was my reply, but on my first this morning early was this paper found." Booth was marling out the plan of battle on the set. "I had finished the lines, drew his sword and with terrific force struck the paper from my hands, saying, 'A weak invention of the enemy!'" "I was a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it, and fame and fortune will be yours." And I followed his advice."

"What thinkest thou, Norfolk, if the pardon was offered?" "By this time I was completely rattled and forgot my lines. Booth stood glaring at me like a tiger. The audience were holding their breath for the next turn of affairs. Suddenly I realized that something must be done. My nerve returned, and I think it must have been the devil that prompted me to balance myself on one foot and dangle out with Yankee twang: "Well, I don't know, Mr. Booth. It may work!"

"Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. As soon after shout of laughter went up the black cloud on Booth's brow relaxed, and, wheeling on his heel, he left the stage, shaking his sides with merriment. After the play was over he came to me and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said in fatherly tones, 'Young man, you were played tragically before, did you? Wait until waiting for a reply be continued: Take my advice and never attempt it again. You are a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it, and fame and fortune will be yours.' And I followed his advice."

Swiss Naval Wars.

References to the Swiss navy are usually justified, but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the lake of Geneva. The great fleet was that of the Duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by towers and masts, manned by a crew of 400 men varying in number from forty to seventy-two. These vessels besieged Verrois and even blockaded Geneva. But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chillon in 1330, and when the Bernese entered the canton of Vaud they too, had their flotilla. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, 8 guns and 150 fighting men.—Westminster Gazette.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday of every month in the band hall. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.

Geo. W. Boyce, James Mewhort, Sec. Rec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.

Meets Friday on or before the Full Moon. Visiting brethren always welcome.

Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler, Secy.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Will attend Crossfield Court on Nov. 9th
Castairs, Alberta

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Castairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CASTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
and
AUCTIONEER.
Any orders left at the Chronicle office will be promptly attended to.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on left ribs. Split in both ears. 3417.

Smith.

COMPETENT BOOT MAKER
If it is workmanship, quality and material you desire, then bring your repairs to the right place.

Any Kind of Boots Made or Order
Repairs Done While You Wait
Competition Defied
Satisfaction guaranteed
Note address—
Next Door to Chronicle Office.

Persons that left Boots with Mr. Jones to be repaired, will find them here.

ROOMS TO LET.

Two furnished rooms to let, bright and cheerful, two minutes walk from station. For particulars apply to Mrs. J. Hall-Brown.

SORCERER of a BEAUTIFUL PRINCE

THOUSANDS and the hands of years ago undine lived in the sea. Ancestors were they of the mermaids, and much more wise and powerful than the mermaids. None among the undines was as wise as the beautiful Princess Lira. Always was she to be found at the feet of the undine sorceress, until she became as well versed in magic art as the witch herself.

One day as Lira hung in the shadow of a partly submerged rock near the shore she espied afar off a horseman. When he drew closer she perceived he was a very handsome prince. Thereupon she cast a magic spell upon the water, so that to the prince it seemed to be part of the beach. Over a cliff plunged the horse with his rider.

The prince quickly rose to the surface of the water and struck out valiantly for the shore. But the arms of the undine twisted about him and bore him down

whom he was betrothed. But it so happened that Lira had fallen in love with him. Therefore, she caused him to postpone his departure and finally insisted upon detaining him against his will.

In Princess Lira, the younger sister of Lira, the prince found a great admirer. Observing his grief, she would have assisted him to escape had she been able to cope with the magic of the enchantress Lira.

One day, however, Lora burst in upon the prince, exclaiming: "Now is your time to fly! Lira has gone to consult the old witch."

She led him rapidly where the dolphins were stabled. Lora now wished with all her heart that he would remain. Before he mounted she said to him wistfully: "Shall we never see you again?" "I fear not," replied the prince, but

She Was Never Satisfied

PRINCESS ROSALIND felt greatly dissatisfied with herself today. True, she was playing with the most beautiful doll in the world, but even her doll failed to make her content.

"You are such a stupid doll," she said, "with big yellow eyes and a head that



"THE CAT SPRANG UPON HER"

always turns the same way when you say Papa Mama! And you can't even stand by yourself!"

The doll didn't even answer, but Rosalind's fairy godmother, who had heard this mournful complaint, and she came to see if it could not be remedied. "A little happier," Rosalind said, "to amuse you I wish your head would turn to that form the will take."

Rosalind at once wished her doll was another little girl. But this little playmate was so much more clever and handsome than herself that the little princess paid all their attention to her instead of to Rosalind. In a jealous rage, Rosalind wished the little girl were a cat.

She and the cat played together nicely for a while, until she tried to nibble at the wrong way. Then the cat sprang upon her and scratched her so that she began to cry.

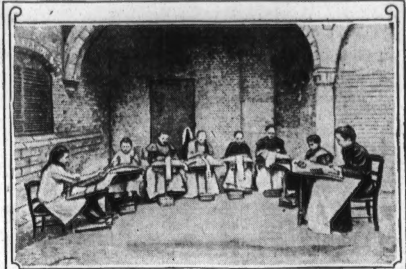
After that she changed the cat into a dog. Soon the dog ran away with the happiness to the chase and poor Rosalind was left alone.

Still another time she wished, this time that the dog was changed into a beautiful flower. The flower, however, gave out such sweet perfume that the queen mother took it away from Rosalind and had it placed in her own chamber.

Rosalind sobbed and sobbed. "I do believe," she said to herself at last, "that if my doll baby of all, even if she has such horrid eyes and never says anything but Papa Mama!"

So Rosalind wished the wonderful flower would change into the doll. Then she clasped her doll close to her and promised that thereafter she would be contented with what she had. Dolly became so precious to her after that she never would not have parted with her for anything.

CÉCILE



MAKING LACE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MADAME

LONG, dreary hours Cécile spent each day in the low-arched, curtained basement. But Cécile should consider herself very fortunate to obtain such employment, as "most any person in the little Flemish village would toil for it, for it was not every one that Madame Harcot would teach the mysteries of lacemaking. Besides, there were many hungry mouths at home to feed, and Cécile's father was dead."

The little girl proved herself worthy of her teacher, however, and soon she was weaving intricate designs with a skill that delighted Madame. Yet, conscientiously as she wove, her work no more than kept pace with her dreaming. For Cécile had dreams and visions of another existence among the people who would finally possess her beautiful lace.

A life such as Cécile led does not bring news to a lassie's cheeks, and Cécile was pale and weak and thin. Then, too, she had a "cough," which was caused, no doubt, by the damp air of the cellar, where the lace must needs be made.

Cécile felt really ill this morning as she hurried to work. Her wooden shoes clicking over the rounded cobblestones. While crossing a street she failed to perceive a carriage coming toward her. The next instant she was thrown to the ground.

She had a confused idea that a beautiful lady was picking her up and was placing her tenderly in the carriage. Then she knew no more.

When Cécile awoke she found herself in a room such as she had seen before only in her dreams. And the lady with the beautiful face was sending over her and murmuring that the little girl would soon be well and turning about.

For several weeks Cécile lived in the rich lady's chateau, which stood in her country outside the village. Dur-

ing that time the lady became very much attached to the little girl, so that when Cécile became entirely well she was told that no longer would she work with Madame Harcot, but that for a long time she was to be the rich lady's daughter. It seems that Cécile's mother had agreed to this plan. And Cécile was willing, although it pained her to be away from her mother and her brothers and sisters. But before she would go to dwell with the rich lady she asked permission to spend a few more weeks with Madame Harcot. The lady could not understand the girl's reason for this wish, but at last she consented.

"Madame," pleaded Cécile, when she was once more in the basement, "I have served you faithfully, have I not?"

"You have, my child," admitted Madame. "You have done excellently. I then may I not make something for my own self during the next few weeks? I shall pay you for the thread just as soon as I can."

Madame graciously gave permission, and Cécile set joyously to work. Her whole soul she put in the labor. At last the piece was finished, and she had good-bye to Madame, after thanking her.

As you have probably guessed, this little piece of rare lace was for the rich lady. She was deeply touched when Cécile presented it to her. After examining it intently, she questioned Cécile about it. And when she learned that the design had been originated by the little girl, Cécile had told her how much she liked all such pieces of artwork, the lady promised that she had found in Cécile a genius for art. So Cécile is now engaged in the most enjoyable study she had ever dreamed of. Yes, she is now a great artist, and she has visions of the time when she will be a great artist and the pride of her benefactress.



"ALWAYS AT THE FEET OF THE SORCERESS"

beneath the waves. As soon as consciousness left him, Lira slipped upon his finger a magic ring, which would keep him from all further harm.

When the prince awoke he found himself upon a couch in the undine king's palace. A magnificent castle it was built from the bed of the ocean.

"Where am I?" he murmured, dazed among the strange surroundings.

Immediately the Princess Lira swam gracefully to him. "You are now the guest of my father, the king of the undines," said she. "I found you struggling in the embrace of a dreadful sea monster, rescued you, and brought you here."

After the prince had made known his gratitude to Lira, he was escorted about the wonderful palace, and shown its wonders.

Although the handsome prince much appreciated the kindness of his friends, he longed to go back to land where he might see the princess to

here is something to remember me by."

He then took from his finger the magic ring, which, strangely enough, he had not before noticed.

"I thank you," said the princess simply. Then, to her great alarm, she saw the prince reel, grow deathly pale and fall at her feet.

Before Princess Lira could arrive the prince was dead. Her grief was inconsolable. "Foolish," cried she, "if you did not know he would drown without the magic ring! You have killed him!"

Lira shrank back in horror. But although in a whisper it was, steadily she replied:

"Nay, my sister, your wicked enchantments have done this. And I, too, deep as was the grief of the Princess Lira and Lora, still more pitiable was that of the princess on shore, who waited vainly for her lover's return."

ALLY, of TUMBLEDOWN COTTAGE



A FRIEND IN NEED.

"If you are really so anxious to get away, Pat, suppose you go alone to Spencer's, and we'll be there in a few days."

Now that her father had given this permission, Emily was not slow in packing her goods for the trip, and the next day she was on the way.

The Spencers lived in a little village on the side of a mountain and they had invited the Grammas to spend a vacation with them. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had yet to make arrangements before departing, but Emily had hardly known what to do with herself since school had closed, and was glad of the chance to go at once.

Arriving at the little station, Emily was met by Mr. Spencer in a light carriage, for there was still some little distance to go. She had seen him often in the city, and they were well acquainted with one another.

Just before they reached the home of the Spencers they passed by an old shabby-looking barn that seemed to be kept from falling only by stout poles propped against the outside.

"Who owns this wretched place?" asked Emily, with interest.

"We call him Peter Tumbledown," answered Mr. Spencer; "and that old house over there is where he and his little girl live."

The house looked so badly in need of repair as the barn. As she looked Emily saw a dog out of sight behind the side of it. A little girl of about her own age, with a mass of tangled hair and a very tattered dress.

Mrs. Spencer welcomed Emily cordially, and she felt at home from the very first.

Everything was so new that Emily found much enjoyment in her walks

about the place.

After a while she took longer trips from the house, and often passed by the barn of "Peter Tumbledown." Sometimes she saw the ragged little girl, but as Emily was just a wee bit proud because she came from the city, and besides the girl was so very, very dirty-looking, she never spoke to her.

Nearby was a beautiful lake, with a tiny island right in the center of it. One day Emily ventured into a boat that lay by the shore and paddled out to the island.

Lying down to rest for a few moments she fell asleep, and it was late in the afternoon when she awoke.

You can imagine how frightened she was when she found that the boat had gone adrift and that there was no way of getting back to shore.

While she was wondering what to do, she saw approaching another boat, and in it the ragged girl of "Tumbledown Cottage."

"If you don't mind coming into my boat," said she shyly, when quite near, "I can take you to land."

"I'd be glad to," gratefully replied Emily, "and I'm much obliged to you for your trouble."

Emily soon learned that the little girl's name was Ally, that she never went to school, and that her dog, Gyp, was all she ever had to play with.

Ally really wasn't so bad once you knew her, and, too, you could not but pity her.

Emily thanked her again as she left for home, and they parted quite friendly.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham came the next day, so she had no chance to see Ally for some time. After that, however, they met often, and Emily soon found that although Ally had not been to

school, there was nothing in the country that she and Gyp did not know.

Mr. Graham believes that Emily learned more from Ally about growing things than she ever learned in school. Emily thinks so, too, and she has learned, besides, that though a little girl may be ragged, she may still be worth while having for a friend.

CUNNING SAYINGS

LITTLE IRENE, who had just moved to the country from the city of New York, was sitting on the porch with her brother Edgar. They had never seen lightning bugs before, so they were surprised when they saw several bugs flying and lighting in the air.

"They are bugs," cried Edgar.

"No, they're not," declared Irene; "they're bats!" in the air!"

Little Tommy was very talkative, and on going out to tea with his father and mother the other night he was told that he mustn't speak until somebody asked him a question. After he had sat silent for half an hour, he could not stand it any longer, and he said, "I say, papa, when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

Little Henry was dining out, and was on his very best behavior. "Will you have light meat or dark?" asked his hostess, preparing to help him to chicken.

"I'd like a drumstick, thank you, but don't care at all whether it is white meat or dark," said he politely.

"Granny," said little Johnnie, as he counted - lot of nuts somebody had given him, "can you eat nuts?"

"No, dear," said the old lady, "I haven't got any teeth."

"Well, then," said Johnnie, emptying his nuts into granny's lap, "I'll give you these - my mind till - come back."

Badie was 11 and Alice was 7. As lunchtime Badie said:

"I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," replied Alice; "it's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

Little Joe was trying to dress himself after his bath. He got his shirt on front side behind. Looking ruefully down at himself, he said:

"Gee! I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front."

"Why do they," is the nation's flag on top of the schoolhouse?" asked the teacher, who wanted to insult a patriotic schoolmate.

"Papa, ma'am," answered the head boy, "it's because the flag is there."

Two little girls walking in a field feared that a cow would attack them. "Gee! I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front," said one. "I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front," said the other. "I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front," said the third.

BRAVE HEART



"SAFE I feel, and well protected. While Brave Heart is guarding me."

So says mother dear whenever I a soldier try to be.

"Course, it isn't that I'm daring. Or I'm very, very brave; For if just to me come danger I don't know how I'd behave. When I was a tiny fellow, Everything quite easy seemed;

I'd kill tigers and great lions. Bears and elephants - I dreamed. Now I'm big, I'm not so boastful. 'Cause I'm just as well on up. I'm not fond of ugly darknesses. And I hate Ted Jones' bull pup. But, if anything, whatever. To hurt mother dear would try. I would show that I'm her 'Brave Heart'.

I would fight until I'd die!

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Malta Vita 2 for 25c.
Everything at a bargain at the Cash Store
Highest Price Paid for Fresh Butter
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Geo. Richardson,

LEGEND OF O JAPAN

The Story of Chobel, the Leader
of the Duelists.

A MAN WHO KNEW NOT FEAR.

Rather Than Tarnish His Reputation
For Bravery He Accepted the Prince's
Invitation and Went Voluntarily to
Assassination.

The following legend of Chobel has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "brave" or duellists, who flourished in Yeddo during the sixteenth century, forming a sort of Japanese St. Herminius. Chobel, the leader of this clique, was a double swordsman whose constant recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his residence. Unwilling to enlist with another of the feudal lords, he assembled all the D'Artagnans of Yeddo about him until his power inflicted even the princes to envy, although they declined to recognize the outlawed duelist.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular tea house one day at an hour when was expected Jintoxemon, the leader of the Hatamotos, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yeddo for the official residence. But Chobel, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him, Jintoxemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing chiders into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he paused, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobel, noting this, yawned, rubbed his eyes like one awakening from profound slumber and exclaimed: "I have drunk too much, should have slept unawakened for your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I beg you."

Politeness forbade Chobel to refuse a glass of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobel drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobel asked humbly.

"Surely."

"What do you most desire?"

"Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly:

"A plate of macaroni."

"Ah, Chobel," thought he, "the whole town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotos."

After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, waiting for the prince's departure to plan revenge. The following day brought with it an invitation from Jintoxemon to breakfast. Despite his comrade's remonstrances Chobel insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the samurai three themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobel's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them, when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so."

"Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas not a joke, for I warned that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobel was wise? Alone in his enemy's house, he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobel drained the bath, but two spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by blood, Chobel fell dying to the ground.

The samurai were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the dueling confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you."

"Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The samurai were dumb with astonishment. Chobel had divided the trap, yet, preferring to sustain his reputation of daring unshaken by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH.

What Every Conscientious Physician Undertakes to Do

"First and last, day and night, he who has given himself to the cause of medicine sees the most arduous, the most terrifying, the most painful, side of humanity," says a writer in Appleton's Magazine. "His trials range in the slums, where the elements of life may touch even the lowest and basest. His service is demanded in sickness and pain, and his final act, as irrevocably as the rising of the sun, is to close the eyes forever of others, even perhaps those whom he brought into the world. He is the possessor of secrets, the repository of sorrow."

"Into whatever house I enter I will go for the benefit of the sick. With purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my art. So run my oath administered by Hippocrates to his students almost five centuries before Christ, and so still stands today the physician's ideal. Medicine then partook of a character of holiness, for the student, too, aware to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers and to teach them this art if they shall wish it without fee or stipend."

"Can any one today with an inkling of the life of the disciple of medicine doubt that the spirit of this ancient oath is rigidly observed in its practice, or that, as Hippocrates dictated 2,500 years ago, 'Whatever in connection with my professional practice or in connection with I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken abroad I will not divulge, as reckoning all that should be kept secret?'"

BUENOS AIRES.

An Orderly City in Which Affairs Are Well Conducted.

Things are done well in the City of Good Air. There are good things to eat, comfortable rooms to live in, places where a man can get his exercise and outdoor sport. After the tropics the gringo feels like a man who has been leaping from foothold to foothold in a swamp and steps at last on solid ground. The creature comforts of a capable, wide awake, well arranged city soothingly envelop him. The cochero knows where he wants to go, the waiter knows what he wants to eat. The mounted policeman, in breastplate and horsehair helmet, rides him back with the rest of the crowd and does it so quietly and with such sophisticated nonchalance that he promptly conceives a passionate admiration for the policeman and his beautiful horse, falls into the communal pride common to all city dwellers and is ready to declare that there is no other policeman like him in the world. The streets are clean and well kept, and the buildings which line them, however shabby their architecture, are held within decorous maximum and minimum limits of height. Everything is near at hand. The hotel, club, bank, drive, the restaurants and theaters are all within, so to say, feeling distance. And this physical compactness and neatness, this continual glitter of activities, set here and there by the whole a certain dimness and cozy intimacy. There's a little old Buenos Aires too—Arthur Hall in Scribner's Magazine.

Accomplishes.

A rival to the celebrated Mrs. Malaprop is to be found in a certain New York street car conductor. The other party is the party of several women boarding his car. They were not able to find seats together, and two sat on the opposite side from the others. The woman who paid the fares for the group offered the conductor a half dollar, neglecting to mention how many fares were to be taken from it.

"You're paying for these four here," he said, indicating those who sat in line with her of the purse, "and," waving his hand in the direction of the two on the opposite side, "are those ladies implicated?"

The Grave of Adam.

April 1 was marked on old calendars as the "Memorial of Adam." The ornate relate that Adam, when dying, charged his children to bury his body, embalmed with myrrh, incense and cassia, in the cave of Ad-Kanah, near Paradise. When they quitted the place they were to convey his body to the center of the earth, whence would come salvation to his posterity. This is said to have been done by Noah and Melchizedek, who reburied him on the sacred hill of Calvary.

Pleasant.

The two men talked for a time in the train.

"Are you going to hear Barkins' lecture tonight?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.

"Take my advice and don't. I hear he is awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."

It is the common wonder of all men how much more money million of faces here should be more alike. Brown.

Hawaiian Girls.

The Hawaiian girls are almost universally handsome. They are brown in color (not black); their eyes and teeth are magnificent; their hair straight, jet black and often falling below their knees. Their limbs are handsomely formed and their expression alert, intelligent and animated; their form in youth voluptuous, but heavy and over-stored after youth; their features full and nose and upper lip slightly tilted; their voices extremely sweet.

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LOST—Hay mare, two years old, branded as cut on right shoulder supposed to be cast of Crossfield. Five dollars reward for information of same. J. COOMBE, Airdrie.

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Bring your sick boots and shoes, and have them fixed
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JOHN MORRISON,

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I will also repair all kinds of Tinware while
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and Other Things that
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Parties wishing to get official grades on
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Calgary or Winnipeg. The amount neces-
sary to send is from 4 to 6 ozs. Envel-
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procured at Hammond Lithographing
Co., Calgary, 50 cents per dozen. The
amount of postage is one cent for 2 oz or
fraction thereof. Do not seal nor send
any correspondence in your letter as
Postmaster will charge you sealed rates.
Write your address on the outside of the
envelopes and the address of the inspec-
tor and the Grain Inspector will send you
the grade of your grain. If you wish to
mention anything special as to what it
will grade or how much it will be docked
for dirt, etc. You may drop him a postal
or letter it will be cleared this way.
Onticks & Armstrong may have those en-
velopes soon. I have copies of the Domi-
nion Grain Inspection laws which I will
show to parties wishing to see them, or
you can get them your-self by addressing
Dominion Grain Inspector, Winnipeg.
They also contain the inspection laws of
beef, butter, milk, potatoes, eggs, hay,
straw and most everything people raise
and market in this locality. I will give
you a few of the most necessary standards
of the grain grading rules:—Spring wheat
No 1 shall be sound and clean, weighing
not less than 60 lbs to the bushel.
No 2 spring wheat shall be sound and
reasonably clean weighing not less than
58 lbs to the bushel.
No 3 spring wheat shall comprise all
sound wheat not good enough to be graded
as No 2 weighing not less than 56 lbs
to the bushel.
Rejected spring wheat shall comprise all
spring wheat fit for warehousing but too
low in weight, or otherwise unfit to be
graded a No 3.

Oats:—No 1 white oats shall be sound
clean and free from other grain, and shall
not weigh less than 34 lbs to the bushel.
No 2 white oats shall be sound, reason-
ably clean, and reasonably free from
other grain, and shall weigh not less than
32 lbs to the bushel.
No 3 white oats shall be sound but not
clean enough to be graded No 2, and
shall weigh not less than 28 lbs to the
bushel.

Black oats:—The grades of Nos 1, 2,
3 & 4 black oats shall correspond in all
respects with the grades of No 1, 2, 3 & 4
white oats, except that the former shall
be black.

Mixed oats:—The grades of Nos 1, 2,
3 & 4, mixed oats, shall correspond in
respects, with the grades of No 1, 2, 3 & 4
white oats, except that the former, shall
be black & white mixed.

Barley:—No 1 barley shall be plump
bright, sound, clean, and free from other
grain.

No 2 barley shall be reasonably clean
and sound, but not bright and plump
enough to be graded as No 1, and shall
be reasonably free from other grain and
weigh not less than 48 lbs to the bushel.

No 3 extra barley shall be the same as
No 2 barley except in weight and color
weighing not less than 47 lbs to the bushel.

No 3 barley shall include shrunken
barley weighing not less than 45 lbs to the
bushel.

No 4 barley shall include all barley
equal to No 3 weighing not less than 44
lbs to the bushel.

Alberta Red:—No 1 Alberta Red
Winter Wheat shall be hard, pure red
winter wheat, sound and clean, weighing
not less than 62 lbs to the bushel.

No 2 Alberta Red Winter Wheat shall
be hard red winter wheat, sound and
clean, weighing not less than 60 lbs to
the bushel.

No 3 Alberta Red Winter Wheat, shall
include hard red winter wheat not clean
enough or sound enough, to be graded
No 2, weighing not less than 57 lbs to
the bushel.

I have given the names and addresses
of some of the prominent farmers of the
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receive grain prices. These are the ad-
resses of some of the commission men
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or a 3/4 of a cent a lb, making 15 cents
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No 1 Alberta Red Winter Wheat is
worth as much as No 1 Northern, & No
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ments.

On Sept. 17th, No 1 Northern sold for
\$1.00 at Fort William. In store No 1
Alberta Red sold for \$1.00 in Fort
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Parties having grain uncut who wish
to get the pea harvesters to attach on the
points of the guards can get them off
some of the local agents. There were a
lot come to Canadas last fall, possibly at
Calgary or Winnipeg, if not it will not
take long for them to come by express
from the manufacturers Tulton Bros.,
Guelph, Ont., or Manitowack pea har-
vester Manitowack, Wisconsin.

Parties who have used them say they are
an excellent attachment to harvest grain
that is down. Mr Wight, of Crossfield,
had some last fall and said they were fine
they will not go on guards that are rivet-
ed on.

Thos Fitzgerald, Crossfield

\$5.00 REWARD.

LOST.—Bay mare, two years old,
branded as cut on right shoulder sup-
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dollars reward for information of same.

s-1765 J. COOMBE, Airdrie.